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THE

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THIRD SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL

Translated into ENGLISH VERSE.

BY

SAMUEL DERRICK.



LONDON,

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TO  
THE HONORABLE MR. SPENCER,  
THIS POETICAL TRANSLATION  
OF THE  
THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL

IS HUMBLY INSCRIB'D BY  
HIS MOST OBLIG'D  
AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

SAMUEL DERRICK.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**A**N endeavour has been made, in the following translation, to adhere as closely to the words of *Juvenal*, as a poetical version would admit: and if it meets that approbation from the public, which some persons of distinguish'd literature have thought it not unworthy of, it will be follow'd by a new translation of the whole author, accompanied with notes; in which several other persons are concern'd.





THE  
THIRD SATIRE  
OF  
JUVENAL.

**T**HO' I regret the absence of my friend,  
His choice of lonely *Cumæ* I commend;  
The road to *Baïæ*; and the *Sybil's* seat;  
A shore delightful, and a calm retreat.

At *Prochyta*, I'd rather fix my home, 5  
Than in the streets of proud flagitious *Rome*:  
In what wild dreary desert can be found  
Such scenes of horror as in *Rome* abound?  
A thousand perils apprehension tire,  
From falling houses, and rapacious fire. 10

B

With

With plagues in diff'rent shapes the city's curst;  
 But above all, the Poets are the worst:  
 With iron lungs to read me dead they try,  
 Regardless of the dogstar's raging sky.  
 Near to the Conduit-gate whose hallow'd scene 15  
 Witness to *Numa's* nightly joys had been;  
 While good *Umbrilius* for the cart delay'd,  
 Which all his little flock from *Rome* convey'd;  
 He sigh'd to see how chang'd the *font* appears;  
 The venerable *grove* surcharg'd with years; 20  
 The consecrated shrines, and hallow'd fane,  
 To barefoot *Jews* resign'd, for sordid gain,  
*Wretches*, whose lives such indigence betray,  
 Scarce have they food! scarce have their cattle hay!  
 Severest taxes yield our state supplies; 25  
 And not a *Stick* escapes the rank *Excise*:  
 A nest of reptiles now profane the grove,  
 Once sacred to *Divinity* and *Love*.

Once to the *Muses* did these shades belong;  
 And here they chaunted forth the sacred song. 30  
 View the *Egerian* well, where art has toil'd,  
 And nature's unaffected beauties spoil'd:  
 More lovely far this little spot had been,  
 Cloath'd with a border of eternal green!  
 If here no marble ornaments had shone, 35  
 Nought but spontaneous grass, and native stone.

*Um-*



*Umbrilius* thus exclaim'd, " Since here in vain  
 " Arts labor, and can no advantage gain ;  
 " Since honest *Industry* here wastes her time ;  
 " Let us abandon the unhappy clime : 40

For ev'ry day improves the barren curse,  
 And each succeeding *morrow* will be worse.

Where *Dædalus* his weary'd wings resign'd,  
 In those blest plains we'll try content to find ;  
 Ere sapless age my limbs debilitate, 45  
 Ere *Lachesis* shall shorten life's short date,  
 While yet my strength needs no support from art,  
 While I have senses sound, and perfect heart ;  
 Let us, to *Catulus*, forsake the land,  
 And to *Arturius*, wretches, who can stand 50  
 Without a blush, and swear that *Vice* is white,  
 For darling gold, and *Virtue* black as night :  
 They who, *for gain*, no offices refuse,  
 Cleanse common sewers, or rent the public stews ;  
 With solemn pomp, flow obsequies attend, 55  
 Drudge through the river, for this darling end ;  
 Turn out a dunghil ;---Condescending elves !  
 And sell their *Slaves* by auction---nay, *themselves* !

These we have seen compose the stroller's train,  
 And fill the trumpet's hollow tube, for gain ; 60  
 Known by their bloated cheeks through every town ;  
 This their beginning, this their first renown.



At their expence the *gladiator* tries  
 His rival's strength; and labors for the prize:  
 They popularly damn with bent-back thumb, 65  
 And death's the hapless victim's certain doom.

Hence to their former baseness they return,  
 To each mean office *Honesty* would spurn.

These are the men, in wantonness of pow'r,  
 Whom fortune lifts, the comets of an hour. 70  
 What shall I do at *Rome*? since I despise  
 To give a lie truth's unaffected 'guise:  
 Tho' great the author, yet I can't submit  
 To praise his works, if flat, and call them wit.

*I* cannot judge the wand'ring planet's course; 75  
 Nor give their influence superstitious force:  
*I will* not promise to the graceless heir,  
 That death no longer shall his parents spare:  
*I* am unskill'd in all the pois'ning art;  
 Nor can *I* play the *Pimp*'s delusive part. 80

Let others boast their skill in deep intrigue,  
 Their cunning to promote th'adult'rous league;  
 I scorn to bear the present, which destroys  
 The husband's peace, and damps the nuptial joys:  
 No thief, in me, a confidant can own; 85  
 Therefore you see me always walk alone;  
 Like a limb, useless, from the body lop'd,  
 Or like a wither'd arm inactive drop'd.

Who's

Who's now belov'd? the wretch inur'd to ill!  
 Whose burning bosom impious secrets fill! 90  
 No honest confidence secures the heart;  
 Neither to honor bound, nor true desert.  
 Name me the man, whom *Verrès* most can prize?  
 He, in whose hands the life of *Verrès* lies.

Let not the *Tagus*' wealthy streams, that roll 95  
 A golden tribute to the sea, control  
 Thy thirst of honor; bribe thee from repose;  
 And fill thy anguish'd heart with inmate foes:  
 Let not the fiend of pow'r thy heart ensnare;  
 Nor tempt thee to *conceal* his guilt, nor *share*. 100

The fav'rites of the rich, whom I despise,  
 I must expose; for *Spleen* provok'd will rise.

Who can pretend the *Roman* name to own?  
 Yet see within *Rome*'s walls a *Grecian* town!  
 Behold, unmov'd, while fast *Orontes* pours 105  
 Its floods of fiddlers, harpers, common whores,  
 Who range the crouded *Circus* round for prey;  
 Its strolling train that harps and cymbals play?  
 Want you a *Grecian Punk*, with painted face?  
 Haste to the *Circus*, 'tis their *Market-place*. 110

*Syria* and *Greece* their offals here import;  
 Their manners, language, shame the *Roman* court.

Dost thou not grieve, *Quirinus*, to behold  
 Thy *Sons* thus differ from their *Sires* of old?



Inglorious trophies now adorn their drefs; 115  
 The fawning client's robe their fhoulders prefs:  
 Of induftry let others bear the fpoil,  
 Degenerate *Romans* foar above the toil.

From lofty *Sicyon*, from *Amydon* fome, 120 }  
 Others from *Andros*, *Samos*, *Tralles* come,  
 And the loofe *Carians* find their way to *Rome*;  
 Sap the foundations of domeftic peace;  
 Expel their mafter, and affume his place:  
 Deftin'd to want, behold the *Roman* fall!  
 A fharping foreigner consumes his all. 125  
 Fafter flow his, than fmooth *Ifæus'* words,  
 Nor earth more *Wit* nor *Impudence* affords.  
 What name for him can lab'ring language find,  
 Whofe various character includes mankind?  
 Grammarian, painter, rhetorician he, 130  
 Or fhould in tumbling, conjuring, geometry:  
 Perfumer, Surgeon, architect, or fool,  
 Or what *you* will's the hungry *Grecian's* rule!  
 If you command him to affail the fky,  
 The willing *Sycophant* attempts to fly: 135  
 None but a native *Greek* could ever dare  
 On artful wing to truft the bafelefs air.

Shall he who with the laft fair wind came o'er,  
 That brought a freight of *Syrian* figs to fhore,



Enrol before me in the lists his name ? 140

And a superior place at table claim ?

No ! let me rather fly the purple pest ;

Whose mushroom greatness makes our name a jest ;

In vain, alas ! the *Sabine* olives spread

Their grateful shelter round my infant head ; 145

In vain I boast that *Rome's* my native air,

When upstart *Slaves* our rights, our freedom share :

This prudent race of *Rascals* who can bear ?

Mark ! how, with hypocritic smile, they praise

Their *Patron's* wit, while nonsense he displays ; 150

Find striking beauties in his ugly face ;

Some lively charm in ev'ry failing trace ;

Swear his weak shoulders, and his tott'ring head,

Promise the strength that *Hercules* display'd,

When he the *Hydra's* seven-fold fury quell'd, 155

Or rough *Antæus* high in air upheld ;

Hear music in his squeaking voice, whose noise

Matches the hen, in copulative joys.

*Us* would they credit, *we* can flatter too ;

But *Grecian* lies *alone* are fancy'd true. 160

Who so excel in the comedian's art ?

Or who, like them, perform a female part ?

In the sea-nymph, or courtesan, you'd swear,

The very *Woman* spoke, and not the *Play'r*.

Nor

Nor can *Antiochus* contend with these ; 165  
 Ev'n *Stratocles* in vain may hope to please ;  
 Nor soft-ton'd *Hæmus* can the stage adorn :  
 The *Greeks* exceed them all---true *Mimics* born.

If tickled with some quaint conceit you smile,  
 The servile flatterer chuckles all the while ; 170  
 Or if the tear stand trembling in your eye,  
 He does not *grieve* like you---but he can *cry*.  
 If with the winter's piercing cold you shake,  
 Straight his encumbring cloak you see him take ;  
 Or if impatience at the heat you shew, 175  
 Quick the drop trickles from his courtly brow.

We cannot equal those whose various pow'r  
 Can shift their manners with the changing hour ;  
 A charm in each infirmity can find,  
 Virtue in ev'ry folly of the mind. 180  
 Nay, in each act which nature would conceal,  
 These *Sycophants* some beauty can reveal ;  
 And when you drain the golden goblet dry,  
 Something to praise, they in your manner spy.

Nothing is sacred from their guileful harms ; 185  
 Their raging lust my honest soul alarms :  
 With thoughts corrupt they equally invade  
 The modest matron, and the blooming maid ;  
 Fill the untainted boy with fond desires,  
 And swell the bridegroom's breast with guilty fires : 190

Nor



Nor dwells defence in age's slow decay,  
 If for their arts they find no other prey;  
 Thus they the *Secrets* of your bosom drain,  
 Thence fear'd, like *Tyrants* o'er your household reign.

Since we the *Grecian* villanies run o'er, 195  
 Let us the manners of their schools explore;  
 Where the grave doctor perpetrates such ills,  
 As the astonish'd ear with horror fills:  
 See *Bareas* falls his tutor's sacrifice,  
 His pupil and his friend in *Bareas* dies. 200

Where from the fiery courser's feather'd heel  
 (He whose immortal aid the *Poets* feel)  
 The scatter'd plumage touch'd the hallow'd earth,  
 Thence *Tarsus* call'd, this monster had his birth.

An honest *Roman* cannot here remain, 205  
 With wretches mix'd, who form the flatt'ring train:  
*Protogenes* and *Diphilus*, by art,  
 Engross their patron's friendship, nay his heart;  
 And once admitted confidence to gain,  
 Without their leave, to try access, is vain. 210  
 If in my patron's ear they can infuse  
 Their slanderous venom, and his sense abuse;  
 At my next visit, his exclusive gate  
 Shews me that *Innocence* in vain may wait;  
 All my long services are lost in air: 215  
 Most can, with ease, an old dependant spare.



But, not to flatter ! what can beggars gain  
 From their attendance ? what desert obtain ?  
 If purple *Senators* the house invest,  
 Ere the blue morning lighten up the east, 220  
 The anxious *Prætor*, fearful of delay,  
 Hurries the tardy *Liçtor* on his way,  
 Lest his *Colleague* the foremost place should gain,  
 In *Media's* or *Albina's* fawning train :  
 Anxious all croud to be the widow's heir, 225  
 Who long has wak'd to see their servile care.

Here you behold the purse-proud *Slave* assume,  
 And take from sons of *Senators* their room ;  
 Here *Catiena*, with destructive charms,  
 Allures the wealthy *Cully* to her arms ; 230  
 And, for a night's enjoyment, more shall gain  
 Than might a *Tribune's* weighty charge obtain :  
 While if you chuse the amorous fit to ease,  
 Some common *Strumpet* of the pit must please.  
 No longer *Scipio Naffica* shall claim, 235  
 Nor holy *Numa*, a reproachless name ;  
 Nor that *Metellus* who, with dauntless toil,  
 Snatch'd the *Palladium* from the burning pile.  
 If clear of censure you would hope to pass,  
 Let not one *virtuous* thought your mind debase. 240  
 Search out the man with full profusion blest,  
 Of wide-extended tracts of lands possess'd ;

Whose

Whose festal board with *Luxury* is crown'd ;  
 Whom an obedient troop of *Slaves* surround ;  
 There Truth you'll meet enshrin'd amidst his gold, 245  
 For wealth's the standard by which honor's told.

Swear not ! for vainly you the Gods invoke,  
 A beggar's oath with ease is made, and broke :  
 Safely may he infringe the strictest ties,  
 And the red arm of *Jove himself* despise, 250  
 Who winks, or ought, at poor men's perjuries.  
 Should the burst shoe his naked foot expose,  
 Or party-color'd garb his wants disclose ;  
 Oh ! what a theme for ceaseless ridicule !  
 How shake the sides of ev'ry purse-proud fool ! 255

He, who o'ersees the pit, with boldness, cries,  
 Hence, from th'equestrian seat, for shame arise,  
 The laws forbid to such as *thee* to sit  
 Among the *Knights*, who ornament the pit ;  
 Yet money'd *Bastards* may the benches grace, 260  
 And a *Bawd's* offspring dignify the place ;  
 Here may the upstart boy deal loud applause,  
 And give his train of *Gladiators* laws.

The coxcomb, *Otho*, thus dispos'd the seats,  
 Whence poor discarded *Honesty* retreats. 265  
 Can poverty e'er climb the wealthy bed ?  
 Or empty bags with full ones hope to wed ?



Who sees a *Beggar* made a miser's heir ?

Or rais'd by fortune to the *Curule* chair ?

Long before this, the poor but honest race 270

Should *Rome* have quitted, should have fled the place ;

Far, far divided, never more return'd,

By rich men scoff'd at, and by blockheads spurn'd.

But virtue, cramp'd by fortune, hardly tries,

Above the harsh malevolence, to rise. 275

At *Rome* still more ; a wretched lodging here,

Servants and viands are excessive dear,

And vast expence attends a frugal cheer. }

From earthen dishes now we blush to eat ;

Yet were we born to the *Sabellian* state, 280

Contented we their homely food should share,

And the coarse *Peasant's* dress with pleasure wear.

In many parts of *Italy*, I own,

None dare, till death, assume the manly gown.

Oft at a country festival I've seen 285

Plays tagg'd with farce divert the croud'd green ;

Here pure simplicity reigns all around,

In ev'ry face is honest plainness found ;

In the same dress the stage, the pit appears,

A plain white gown the awful *Ædile* wears, 290 }

No greater mark of dignity he bears. }

Here, tho' the *Wretch* has scarce wherewith to dine,

Pride goads him on, the *Reptile* must be fine.

By



By borrow'd cash the charge is oft defray'd,  
But oftener far the debt is never paid. 295

The vice is common ; all are bent to live  
Beyond what fortune ever meant to give.

All things are venal here--your spleen suspend ;  
What would you give that *Cossus* were your friend ?  
Or that *Viento* should a look afford, 300

Tho' unattended by a single word ?  
To these some dedicate the maiden beard,  
Some shave their face, in hope to be prefer'd ;  
And with *their* wares the *Patron's* house is fill'd,  
Form'd for the taste, in delicacy skill'd ; 305

While honest clients are oblig'd to wait,  
Unnotic'd, at th' inhospitable gate ;  
Till with a fee these *Varlets* they secure,  
And pay for bare admission to the door.

Who e'er at cold *Prænestæ* ruin fear'd, 310  
Or at *Volscinium* amongst mountains rear'd ;  
Or *Tibur's* shelving tow'r, or *Gabium* neat ?  
While here we dread our end, in ev'ry street.

*Rome* stands on stilts, and all the miser's care  
Is time-worn breaches slightly to repair : 315  
He props the tumbling wall, and bids to bed,  
And sleep, tho' *Ruin* threaten o'er your head.

Hence let me live, where no nocturnal noise,  
No sudden fire, my peace of soul destroys.

Now

Now hoarse *Ucalegon* removes his all ; 320  
 Scarce worth the care ; you hear him loudly call  
 For aid ; for water ; while the flames arise,  
 And, ere you know, your roof in ashes lies.  
 O'er the ground-floor, at first, the fire extends,  
 Quick to the upper story it ascends ; 325  
 The roof in which her eggs the pigeon lays,  
 Defence from rain, already's in a blaze.

Than his short wife, still shorter was the bed,  
 Where *Codrus* us'd to rest his weary'd head,  
 Six earthen jugs the cupboard-top adorn ; 330  
 A can beneath ; the marble is upborn  
 By figur'd *Chiron* ; in a mouldy chest,  
 His fav'rite bards of *Greece* are laid at rest ;  
 Where ruthless mice on sacred verses feast. }

His all is little ; who can this disown ? 335  
 And yet that little, call it nothing, 's gone.  
 Reduc'd thus low, no host affords him meat ;  
 No hospitable roof a kind retreat.  
 But if *Asturius*' dwelling's in a blaze,  
 The *Senate* mourns ; the women in amaze ; 340  
 The *Courts* adjourn, all seeming to lament,  
 As the whole city shares the sad event :  
 The very *Name* of fire we dread, and hate,  
 As if the *Gaul* were thund'ring at the gate ;

Eager



Eager the damage to defray, one bears 345  
 A naked polish'd statue ; t'other spares  
 A piece well finish'd by some famous hand ;  
 While here a female spreads to his command,  
 Some curious ornaments, that heretofore  
 The *Asiatic* Gods resplendent wore. 350

One in his lap an heap of silver throws ;  
 That busts, and books, and cabinets, bestows.  
 This upstart *Persian* folly thus supplies,  
 And strait behold on prouder columns rise  
 His house, that mould'ring now in ruin lies. 355

'Tis strange---nor lies perhaps the tongue that says,  
 With his own hand *Asturius* lights the blaze.

Forfake the *Circus*' games and rattling noise,  
 To taste felicity in rural joys.  
 For one year's rent of some dark cot at *Rome*, 360  
 You'll buy a house, if you'll to *Sora* come ;  
 A little garden with a neighb'ring well,  
 Whose winding streams your plants to ripeness swell.

Take up the spade with an industrious hand ;  
 Manure each day, *thyself*, the grateful land ; 365  
 You'll soon a feast of vegetables raise,  
 An hundred *Samian* sectaries to please.  
 Bless, bounteous heav'n, however small the spot,  
 Where providence has fix'd my happy lot ;

'Tis

'Tis something, sure, tho' scantiest limits bound, 370  
 To reign sole *Monarch* of a piece of ground,  
 Where but a *Lizard* fairly can turn round. }

Here the sick die, depriv'd of sleep and ease ;  
 'Twas *Indigestion* gave the rank disease :  
 Who can repose in so much noise obtain ? 375  
 Riches can scarce, in *Rome*, the blessing gain.

Hence the distempers rise ; the rumbling coach  
 Their brawling drivers when they turns approach,  
 Or meeting jar, sea-calves might keep awake,  
 Or the repose of drouzy *Drusus* break. 380

If business call the *rich Man* to the street ;  
 We all give way, when we his *Carriage* meet ;  
 His strong *Liburnians* all the croud outstrip ;  
*He*, born aloft, may read, or write, or sleep ;  
 In close sedan indulges soft repose ; 385  
 Nor, what in crouded streets we suffer, knows ;  
 Safe at his journey's end he first arrives,  
 While *me* the croud obstructs ; while this man strives  
 To get before me ; t'other from behind

Seems, with his load, to push me down inclin'd ; 390  
 Some with sharp *Elbows* my bruis'd sides inflame,  
 A *Tub* here strikes my head, and there a *Beam* ;  
 At ev'ry step, splawfeet oppress my toe ;  
 Dirt daubs my legs ; the *Soldier's* hob-nail'd shoe  
 Crushes my *Corns*, and strikes me thro' and thro'. 395 }

Mark



Mark how the *Sportula*'s with smoak pursu'd,  
 Each bears the ready kitchen for his food ;  
 The strength of *Corbulo* were try'd in vain,  
 Such a vast weight of vessels to sustain ;  
 As, without wincing, shall these wretches bear, 400  
 While the flame's gently winnow'd by the air,  
 And in the struggle their patch'd clothes they tear. }

The laden *Waggons* shake the peopled street,  
 Huge firs on one, on t'other pines you meet  
 Of such vast length, that as they pass along, 405  
 They threat with ruin the astonish'd throng.

Should yonder *Cart*, by chance, break down, and shed  
 Its load of massy stones upon your head ;  
 Bury'd beneath the weight, who e'er could find  
 The limbs, which once were to our bodies join'd ? 410  
 No more would of the crumbled *Corse* be seen,  
 Than of the *Soul*, once resident within.

The unsuspecting family at home  
 Prepare the fire against the dole shall come ;  
 Some clean the plates, and some the baths prepare, 415  
 Some fold the cloths : each 'tends his proper care,  
 While he who should the feast provide's no more ;  
 Already has he reach'd the *Stygian* shore ;  
 Where *Charon*'s grimly looks with fear impress ;  
 And to encrease the wretch's sad distress, 420

He ne'er can hope to see the *Elysian* bow'rs,  
 For penniless none reach those happy shores.  
 Now to nocturnal perils turn your eye,  
 Rejected *Potsherds* threaten from on high,  
 And broken vessels from the windows thrown, 425  
 The pavements break ; and wound the very stone.  
 If you stay late abroad, your *Will* prepare  
 Left in the dangers of the night you share.  
 As many open windows as are near,  
 So many fatal accidents you fear ; 430  
 Pray, and rejoice if on thy lucky head  
 No more than *Cloacina's* gifts be shed.

The drunken *Bully* no repose obtains,  
 He cannot settle his distracted brains,  
 Unless his insolence can find a vent, 435  
 Like *Peleus'* son he swells with discontent ;  
 With rage, with grief, his troubled mind is tost,  
 As if he too a darling *Friend* had lost :  
 Restless he roams, nor can he close his eyes,  
 Till some tough *Fray* the balmy sleep supplies. 440

Tho' hot with lusty youth, and mad with wine,  
 Yet he has sense sufficient to decline  
 The purple senator ; t'avoid the way,  
 Where servants might his insolence repay,  
 Whose lamps and flambeaux form a second day. 445

Me



*Me* he contemns, who trudge on foot, by night,  
Guided by *Candle's* end, or *Luna's* light.

Mark ! how the fray begins, if fray you call  
Where you the blows inflict, I bear them all.

He stops you first, then orders you to stand ; 450  
In vain you would resist the mad command ;  
He's stronger, and compels ; " Whence come you ? " cries ;  
" Whose windy victuals in your stomach rise ?  
" Say, with what *Cobler* have you club'd to dine ?  
" With whom for leeks and onions do you join ? 455  
" Speak, or I'll kick you, beggar, round the place,  
" Where do you live ? What temple-door disgrace ?"

*Reply* and *Silence* here are both alike ;  
Do what you will, he is resolv'd to strike ;  
And tho' his strokes have heartily impress'd, 460  
He, in a passion, swears you first transgress'd.

If *poor*, what freedom have we in the state ?  
When we, tho' beaten, pardon must intreat ;  
Tho' bruis'd with many a cuff, we're glad to gain  
Leave to retire, while some few teeth remain. 465

Nor these the only dangers to be fear'd ;  
For, tho' the house be fast, the windows barr'd,  
The subtle thief perchance may break thro' all ;  
While the base cut-throat pins you to the wall.  
Such horrid *Slaves* as these the city swarm,  
Whose crimes the scar'd *Inhabitants* alarm.

Since

Since proper guards have driv'n them from their dens,  
In Gallinarian woods, and Pontine fens.

Each *Forge* and *Anvil* groans, while they prepare  
Those shackles which these *Miscreants* are to wear ; 475  
Scarce have we iron left our tools to make,  
The *Spade*, the *Ploughshare*, *Mattock*, or the *Rake*.

Blest were our *Ancestors*, the times were blest,  
On *Kings* and *Tribunes*, when our laws did rest ;  
A single jail *Rome's* criminals contain'd, 480  
And honest *Freedom* o'er the city reign'd.

More I could say, and fuller reasons shew,  
For my departure, but the *Sun* is low, }  
The *Team* too calls, the *Carter* wants to go ;  
Hark ! his whip cracks ; farewell, remember me ; 485  
When you would lov'd *Aquinum* wish to see,  
And quit the noise and knaveries of *Rome*,  
Let me from *Cumæ* to the temple come ;  
Whether to *Ceres* of the *Marsh* you pray,  
Or to *Diana* dedicate the day ; 490  
There, if you don't despise the aid, I'll try,  
Tho' cold the place, your satire to supply.

T H E E N D.













